

Title: \*A sealed letter\*

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Dearest Gailan:

I am sorry I did not stay to say goodbye before heading on this trip. It seemed Tara thought it for the best that I not be too near Gromph for the time being. I miss home but I am delighted with the opportunity. In truth Britain is a lot more fun when one isn't a poor girl. I have been attending conserts and plays and met a charming young man named Leighton, he's an actor at The King's Men Theater. He took me to Minoc last week to hear the gypsies sing. I must look into our own Ne'Sveti when I come home the gypsy music is unlike any other I have heard. Onto the reason for which I actually came to Britain, no it hasn't been all play. Grand Master Ivan is quite amazing, He seems to think I have potential although he did say that my lyricism is a little sentimental and I should discipline my rythm more. He aranged for me to sit for my Journeymen's papers so I am finally offically recognised as

a Bardic Master.  
Frighteningly  
he's encouraging me to  
teach a class as I  
will require at least  
20 hours of teaching  
time to get the  
classification of  
Grand Master  
assuming I complete  
my studies  
and pass all the  
relevant exams. So  
little Yelena shall  
actually be teaching a  
troupe of young  
apprentice bards the  
basics of playing the  
harp. I have a  
feeling they and I  
will have great need  
of compassion before it  
is all done. Since  
Tara feels that my  
studies have been  
overly focussed on the  
arts and I am not  
sufficiently politically  
aware I have been  
trying to broaden my  
horizons. I have  
taken to reading books  
of philosophy and even  
attended a lecture on  
imagery at The  
Sorcerer's Delight. I  
find mainland politics  
however to be  
mindnumbingly dull.

I attended another  
meeting of the Britain  
town council and sat  
listening to them  
debate the minutiae of  
the running of the  
city. I am hoping  
perhaps to attend a  
gathering of the  
Regency to learn  
something of their  
politics but I don't  
hold up much hope of  
my being welcome  
given my well known  
association with Tara  
and Caina. I cannot  
help but think I could  
learn more of matters

political curled up  
over hot wine in  
Morn Cirith with  
Lord de L'enfant but  
the purpose of this  
journey was more  
about keeping me out  
of Caina then to  
expand my education.  
Oh tell me everything  
of home, I wish I  
could smell the snow.  
If I close my eyes I  
can almost hear the  
winds rushing past  
Golgotha as you stand  
on the roof. I miss  
Caina and all of you  
desperately. Has  
Tara come home yet.  
I promised I would  
make the trip to  
Caina when she came  
home from her latest  
diplomatic mission and  
I admit I long for it.  
Perhaps I shall make  
an attempt to attend  
the upcoming mass I  
don't know that I  
believe the teachings  
of Oblivion but it  
shall bring something  
of the comefort of  
home and I should  
rather enjoy to hear  
Bal-Anon Dak's  
chantings on a dark  
snowy night with only  
my cloak to keep me  
warm. Please don't  
tell Tara as it will  
only make her angry  
but I spoke to  
Gromph recently. He  
came to the  
Conservatory and we  
spoke at some length.  
I fear though that  
the conversation didn't  
get us anywhere. He  
doesn't really  
understand why I am  
still mortal. And as  
I really cannot  
justify it to myself I  
cannot explain it to  
his satisfaction.

Perhaps I should  
simply give up my  
mortality to keep  
peace in the family I  
do not wish to hurt  
him or Tara, and I  
fear I am causing far  
more trouble than I  
am worth. Please  
don't be angry with  
me Gailan for my  
cowardly flight to  
Britain or my causing  
strife between Tara  
and Gromph. I love  
you all and wish  
there were some easy  
way I could mend all  
of this. I suppose  
ultimately only one  
thing will repair it  
all but I am still not  
entirely ready for  
that step. Write to  
me Gailan please for  
all the amusements of  
the city I am  
homesick and lonely.  
I shall send you some  
of the music for my  
latest composition in a  
week or two after I  
have finished it.

Affectionately yours,  
Lena